# MOVING PICTURE STORIES

December 24, 1929
No. 837 Vol. XXXV

10¢

Dorothy Mackaill

## ACQUITTED

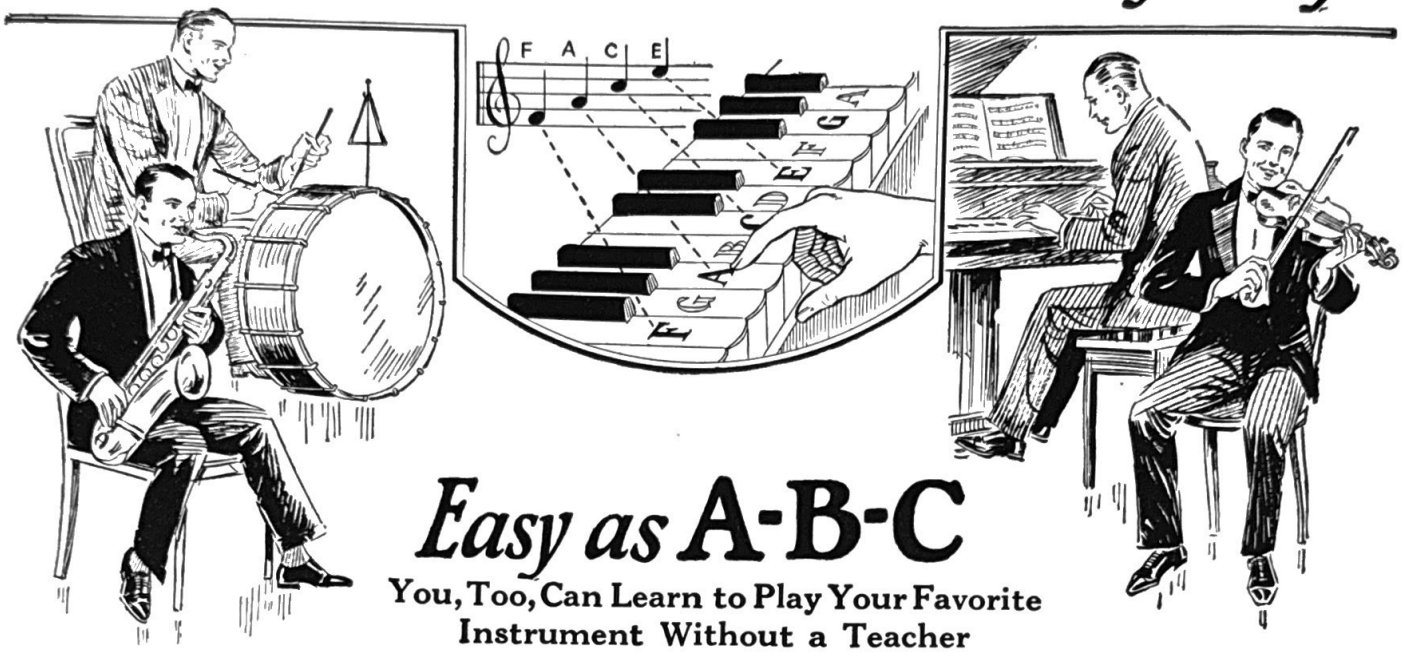
## FOOTLIGHTS and FOOLS — PAINTED FACES

## ROMANCE of RIO GRANDE

Lonely? Join Rosemary Lee's Helping Hearts Club

# Half a Million People

## *have learned music this easy way*

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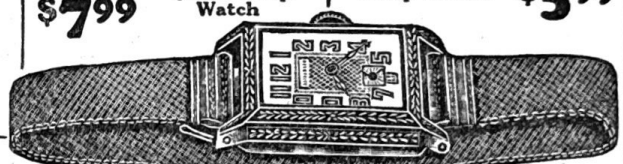

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VOL. XXXV. No. 837 DECEMBER 24, 1929

# Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

CONTENTS

*Romance of Rio Grande* ..... 3-7
Ethel Rosemon
*Footlights and Fools* ..... 8-11
Rosemary Lee
*Lives of the Great* ..... 12
Howard Curtis
*Acquitted* ..... 13-15
Helen Hoyt
*Painted Faces* ..... 16-17
Jean Pennington
*That's That* ..... 18-20
Ruth Rand
*Mystic Myra* ..... 21
Myra Merton
*School of Scenario Writing* ..... 22
Anne Maxwell
*Helping Hearts Club* ..... 23-25
Rosemary Lee

# ROMANCE of RIO GRANDE

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"DOREEN! Doreen, my lovely, golden-haired one! Come to me, Doreen!"

The wistful, brown-eyed girl, sitting in the window, turned anxiously toward the bed on which the man tossed in the restlessness of fever and her face grew tender, Madonna-like. Catalina, the kindly serving-woman, who stood beside her, put an affectionate hand on her arm.

"Go to him, little dove," she urged.

The girl, Manuelita, crossed the room and knelt beside the sick man.

"Quiet, little one. Sleep, now, sleep," she soothed, then, as if to a baby, she crooned a plaintive Mexican love song.

Her firm young hand rested on his forehead and with a murmured, "Your hand is so cool—so nice—Doreen," the man ceased his tossing and drifted away into a calm slumber.

"Your fingers are gentle from the love in your heart, Manuelita—that is why he sleep," Catalina whispered. "You do love him, little dove?".

"Si," the girl returned softly. "That day when I found him unconscious on his horse down near the river stream, I found him, too, here in my heart—like all my dreams. When he calls, I know it is some one else he wants, the golden-haired American girl, his Doreen, yet always I wish to go on like this forever."

Catalina pillowed the girl's head on her motherly breast for she loved the beautiful Manuelita as every one on the great ranch, Santa Margarita, had learned to love her since the day she came to live with her father's dearest friend, Don Fernando Alvarez, when the death of her beloved parent had left her an orphan.

"Manuelita, you fool yourself," she told her. "Because he looks so handsome and nice when he sleeps, you think you are in love. Even Juan he looks so nice when he sleeps and he hits you and scolds the servants and he is just waiting for his dear uncle, Don Fernando, to die that he may rule Santa Margarita."

*With Manuelita's help, Pablo prepared to meet his grandfather.*

But Manuelita would not be convinced. She had given her heart to the sick man and it would be his forever, though he might never know. She had given it to him, it seemed, the moment she had found him there beside the stream, astride his horse, unconscious, the blood from a bullet wound in his chest crimsoning his shirt. She didn't know then that the stranger whose horse had brought him to Santa Margarita, the home of his ancestors for four hundred years, was Don Fernando's grandson, the child of his only daughter, Carmelita, whom he had disowned because she had married an American. But there was a new gladness in her heart when, as she knelt beside the unconscious man in the courtyard of the ranch and defied Juan to make her take him to the stable, Don Fernando had approached, had stood still for a moment as if

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he had seen a ghost and then, when he had examined the bags hanging from the saddle of the stranger's horse, had ordered:

"Take this wounded one into the house and put him in Carmelita's room. Go with him," he had directed the priest standing near, "and see that he gets the best of care. He must not die."

"Senor, why do you worry so about this thief?" his nephew, Juan, had asked, for he had branded the newcomer as a bandit the moment he had seen Manuelita drive into the courtyard, mounted beside him on his horse, supporting his head against her strong young shoulder.

"He is my grandson," the old man had replied proudly.

A look of jealous hatred had come into Juan's eyes. Already he had visioned himself as master of Santa Margarita. The doctor had warned Don Fernando that he must curtail his activities or he would not answer for the consequences, but the proud old man had kept about his usual duties, unmindful of the warning. Perhaps— Anyway, Juan resented the arrival of the newcomer. He knew that every waking moment his uncle regretted the wounded pride that had prompted him to shut the door of his home against his daughter. Now he might make up for the years of starved affection by showering all his gifts upon her son, by leaving to him Santa Margarita, the richest ranch below the Rio Grande. "He must not die," he had told the priest. He wished—

But another had repeated those words in her heart, kept repeating them night and day as, with the tenderness of a mother, the faithfulness of a sweetheart, she hovered over the sick man's bed. He was hers now while he lay there unconscious. When he was well, he would return to the golden-haired girl for whom he called constantly. But she would still have her dreams, the memory of the precious hours she administered to his needs.

TWO weeks passed. Then one day, just as the quiet of dusk was settling over the ranch, the sick man opened his eyes with the light of consciousness in them. Wonderingly his gaze wandered from the picture of his mother hanging over the dresser before him, around the big room to the dark-haired girl sitting in the window, crooning to the soft strumming of her guitar. Slowly she approached his side, fearful as to what his reaction might be when he found her instead of the golden-haired Doreen of his delirium.

"I am Manuelita," she answered the question in his eyes. "You are in your mother's room at Santa Margarita."

"Santa Margarita!" the sick man repeated. "The last place in the world I would want to be! My grandfather drove my mother from his home. I had no desire ever to darken his door."

"Oh, Senor Pablo, you mustn't say that," she entreated. "It is only since you have been getting better that Don Fernando is happy, happy for the first time in twenty-five years—since your mother went away."

"Oh, I remember now," he said slowly. "We were building a railroad. When it was finished I was going to Santa Barbara—to marry Doreen. Then the bandits came down from the hills and attacked my men. I tried to get to the company's office with the money and valuable papers. I was shot and—"

"And your horse brought you to the river stream where I found you."

"But I must leave at once. I cannot stay here. I want nothing from my grandfather." In spite of her protests, he struggled up from the bed and demanded shaving materials and his clothes. She explained that his clothes had been in tatters when she found him, that she had thrown them out. "Bring me others," he ordered. "If you do not, I will leave here in this night dress."

She knew there was no use of opposing him, so she hurried from the room to seek Don Fernando. But, instead of the alarm with which she had pictured the old man would receive the news, a smile of gladness lighted his eyes when she told him that she could not prevent Don Pablo from getting up.

"Get some clothes from Juan's room," he ordered, "and, when he is dressed, tell him I want to see him here." As she hastened away to do his bidding, he turned to the old priest who was visiting him. "Just like an Alvarez," he said with pride. "Too weak to stand, yet he wants to get away! Padre, we shall see."

A half hour later, shaved and dressed with the help of Manuelita, Pablo stumbled weakly down the stairs that led to the big room in which his grandfather was awaiting him. As he paused in the entrance to gather strength to proceed, Don Fernando stood staring at him with bated breath.

"Before I go, I wish to thank you for your kindness and care, Don Fernando," the young man began. "But I did not come here to seek it," he added proudly.

But his grandfather seemed not to hear him.

"As you stood there, I could have sworn it was my father as I knew him sixty years ago," he said, as if to himself.

"I feel honored, senor," Pablo returned. "But I have also been told that I resemble my father."

"But it was your resemblance to your mother that saved you when Manuelita brought you into the courtyard," the old man told him, "and she was an Alvarez."

"She never forgot that," the grandson returned, thinking of his mother's unvoiced longing to visit

---

*This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the novel, "Conquistador", by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Alfred Santell directed, with Warner Baxter appearing as Pablo Wharton Cameron, Mary Duncan as Carlotta, Antonio Moreno as Juan, Mona Maris as Manuelita, Robert Edeson as Don Fernando, Agostino Borgato as Vicente, Albert Roccardi as Padre Miguel, Solidad Jiminez as Catalina, Majorie Coleman as Doreen Wayne, Charles Byers as Dick Rivers and Merrill McCormick as Luca.*

*Don Fernando was happy, for his ward, Carlotta, had returned for the fiesta in Pablo's honor.*

her home, a longing that had remained locked in her heart until the day of her death, "but you did."

"How little you know!" Don Fernando returned sadly. "Pride is a funny thing, my grandson, and, if you are not careful, it will do to you what it has done to me."

Then he pleaded with him to stay there at Santa Margarita, to let him make up to her son the affection he had denied his daughter. But Pablo reminded him that he must return to his men, must get the money back to the company's office at Durango. The men had completed their work, his grandfather told him, he could take the money back when he had regained his strength. And, in the end, Pablo forgot his bitterness. Don Fernando was so sincere in his regret over his treatment of his daughter, so anxious to have her son with him, if only for a little while. Besides, as Pablo looked into the old man's pleading eyes, something warned him that this was the last happiness anyone could give the proud old master of Santa Margarita—and, through it all, his mother had loved him tenderly, devotedly.

THEN followed unusual days for the boy who had been reared in the atmosphere and ideals of American life. The great ranch with its scores of happy, contented servants, proud of Santa Margarita, deeply attached to its ruler, showing a willingness, an eagerness to take him to their hearts, the friendly interest of Manuelita who was so solicitous for his welfare, the growing affection of his grandfather with whom, when his strength returned, he took long rides over the rolling hills of the ranch land—all this touched an unknown chord in the boy's heart, made him feel that he was one with the life his mother had told him of so wistfully from his babyhood. Only one seemed not happy at his presence and that was his cousin, Juan, who always gazed at him with jealous hatred and lost no opportunity to try to make him appear at a disadvantage before his uncle. As he watched the growing intimacy between Don Fernando and his new-found grandson, dark thoughts filled his mind and he schemed for some way to keep for himself the position he had every reason to believe would now go to Pablo.

WHEN Pablo had fully recovered, Don Fernando arranged a fiesta in his honor and invited his friends for miles around, proud to introduce to them the handsome, likeable chap as his grandson. And, to add to his joy, his ward, lovely Carlotta, was returning from school in time for the event.

And Don Fernando was not the only one at Santa Margarita who was looking forward to seeing her. Juan was counting the hours to her return, for, unknown to his uncle, the young man had been carrying on an ardent love affair with the beautiful

Mexican girl. While she was dressing for the evening's festivities, he stole up to her room. Even as she yielded to his embraces, she warned him of the danger of coming to her boudoir.

"I have done so many times before, yet no one has known, Carlotta mia," he reminded, pressing kiss after kiss on her lips.

"But things, they say, have changed at Santa Margarita since I went away," she returned.

A cloud darkened the young man's eyes.

"You mean Pablo?" he asked. "Well, he is going away tomorrow—no?"

"But I have heard Don Fernando wants him to come back—perhaps to be master of Santa Margarita."

"I kill him first," Juan threatened, tightening his clasp about the girl. "I kill him if—"

Further threats were interrupted by the entrance of Manuelita with flowers for Carlotta's gown and the young man took a hurried departure while Carlotta, with a quick—and entirely satisfied—glance at herself in the mirror, hastened downstairs to greet her guardian. At the foot of the steps, she came face to face with a handsome, romantic figure that might have stepped from the pages of some princely fairy tale. Surely there could be only one like him in the whole world. Almost unconsciously she murmured:

"You are Don Pablo—no?"

The young man's eyes smiled into hers.

"Si, senorita—and you are Carlotta?"

"How did you know?" she asked.

"Don Fernando has often described to me your beauty," he told her.

Linking her arm through his, she went forward to greet her guardian and every eye followed them with admiring glances, every one except those of Juan and Manuelita. In the former's, the spark of jealous hatred flamed up anew; while, in the latter's, a look of hurt wistfulness chased away the gay laughter. Don Fernando, watching his nephew, saw the hatred and knew that it boded no good for his loved grandson.

"I am worrying, Padre mio," he told his good friend the priest. "I have been watching Juan. I will send him with Pablo to Durango tomorrow."

"But, senor," the priest protested, "that is dangerous. He might—"

"That is why I send him," Fernando returned. "It is better when a man knows where his enemy is."

So the next day the two young men prepared to set forth for the railroad company's office at Durango.

"The road is very dangerous," Fernando warned as he gave his grandson his blessing. "Remember, Pablo mio, when a man reaches so"—he placed his hand at his belt where he carried his machete—"shoot and shoot to kill."

An understanding look came into Pablo's eyes.

"I think I know what you mean, Don Fernando," he said.

"I commend you both to God," the old man returned solemnly as he clasped his grandson's hand. Then to the priest at his side he murmured sadly, "Two go away but only one will return."

And two pairs of dark eyes watched the young men as they mounted their horses and the same wish was in the hearts of both, that Pablo would return safely—and soon. In the eyes of Carlotta was the light of anticipation of the beauty who knows her power over men; in Manuelita's, there was a hopeless longing. What though his last words had been, "Adios, little mother, I thank you again for making me well"? There was the golden-haired Doreen for whom he had constantly called in his delirium. And, if there had not been the American sweetheart, there was Carlotta, Don Fernando's proud ward whose slightest wish had always been granted. She regretted now that she had chosen to stay around the ranch and play and work, instead of going away to school the way Carlotta had done. Perhaps then she would have had something to give the man of her choice, something more than the first love of her clean young heart.

DON FERNANDO spent the next hours in anxious prayer. Perhaps he had been unwise to place his grandson at the mercy of the nephew who so openly hated him. But he had confidence in Pablo's courage, in a beneficient Providence that would not take from him the boy who was the comfort of his declining years.

A few days later, there was a clatter of horse's hoofs in the courtyard and Manuelita looked up from her work at Pablo's cheery, "Hello!" She gazed at him in speechless wonder.

"Well—well, what is the matter, little mother?" he smiled. "Are you not happy I am back?"

"I—I am so happy, I—I cannot find words," she stammered. "And Don Fernando—he will be so glad. Twenty years he has aged since you have been away."

"All right, Manuelita, little mother," he told her. "I will go to him at once."

At the sound of footsteps, Don Fernando, who was trying to fasten his worried mind on the book in his hand, scarcely dared raise his eyes from the printed page. Which would it be, his nephew or his grandson? Then at the glad, "Don Fernando! Don Fernando!" he looked up and joy flooded his face.

"Pablo mio!" he cried, holding out his hand to his grandson. "You—you have come back—alone?"

"Si, senor," the boy told him gravely. "The first night out, Juan he came at me with his machete. I remembered what you had told me—I shot at him—"

"And you killed him?" Don Fernando questioned.

"I do not know," Pablo told him. "He disappeared into the night."

And, as he talked, apprehension gathered in Pablo's eyes. Manuelita was right. Don Fernando had aged twenty years in the few days of his absence. He must urge him to be more careful, to

*In spite of Manuelita's warning, Pablo appeared at the window.*

take things easy, to let some of the responsibility of the management of the ranch fall upon his strong young shoulders. And, the closer he watched his grandfather, the more worried he became. Carlotta noticed his anxiety and questioned him as to its source.

"What is it, Pablo?" she asked. "You—you seem so different since you came back. Is it because of Juan? If that is it, you—you should not feel badly, for, if you had not protected yourself, he might have killed you."

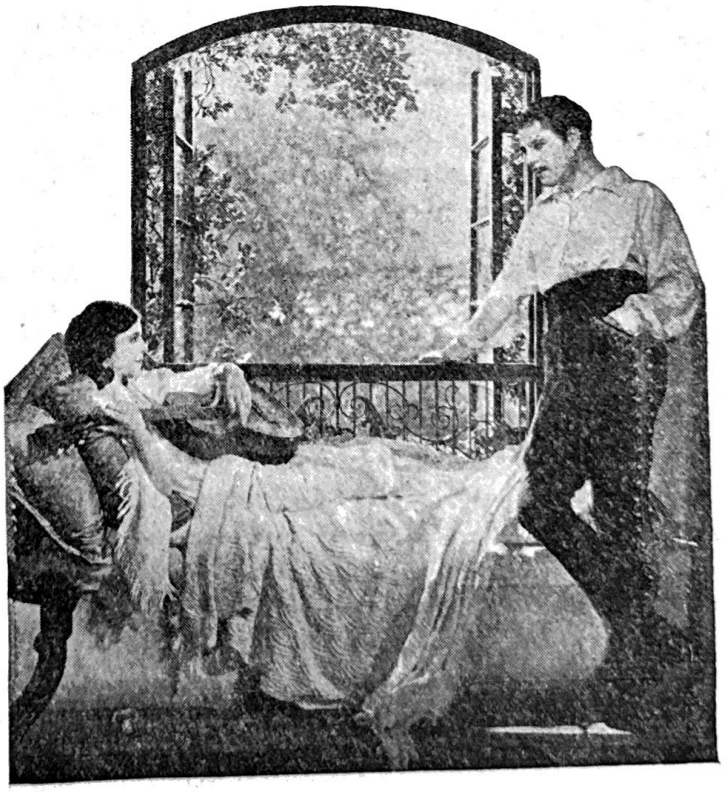
"No, it is not Juan," he assured her. "It is Don Fernando and what he expects of me. You know, Carlotta, he looks upon me as the last of the Alvarez."

"Si, Pablo," she agreed, "I know—almost as his son and he expects you to have other sons to follow you."

"Si, Carlotta, that is what he has asked of me."

In the days that followed Pablo was seldom absent from his grandfather's side. In his heart there had sprung up a sincere affection for the proud old man and with this affection had come a haunting fear for his health. But even Pablo's devotion could not put off that sad hour when the invincible old man must bow to the only Power he could not

*(Continued on page 26)*



*"Loved one, I wonder at times*
*As they ring out—are you in doubt?"*

# Footlights

By ROSEMARY

*In spite of his charm, his lovableness, Jimmie was one of life's drifters. He made money, plenty of it, but he made it gambling, betting—and Betty wanted him to become a substantial citizen. Though it would mean lonely evenings after the show, she determined not to see him again until he had some sort of a regular job.*

FIFI d'Auray, late of Paris, born Betty Murphy, early of Watertown, Pa., snapped her sparkling brown eyes and tossed her boyish bob.

"I've told you once and for all, Peanuts, I don't want to go out with any stage-door Johnnies, no matter how many millions they have. Now get that through your blonde head and keep it there."

The girl addressed as Peanuts, who to outsiders went by the slightly more euphonious name of Claire Floyd and who hailed from Betty's own home town, puckered her pretty lips into a pout and begged:

"Oh, come on, Betty, forget Jimmie tonight and have supper with Mr. Pyne after the show."

"I'm not seeing Jimmie—haven't seen him for two nights, won't see him till he gets a regular job, and it's just about killing me—but that's no reason why I should float around with a Johnny."

Betty's eyes grew wistful. Whether she saw Jimmie or not, whether she never heard from him again, he would be the only man in her life. But she had made a decision—and she was Irish enough to stick to it. Jimmie, for all his charm, his lovableness, was one of life's drifters. To be sure, he made money, plenty of it, but he made it gambling, betting on the horses, on anything else there was any possibility of betting on. And Betty wanted him to become a substantial citizen. Even if he made only forty dollars a week, she would leave her enviable position on the stage and keep house for him in any kind of a humble little flat his means could provide. Every one, most of all her good friend, the producer, Chandler Cunningham, wondered why she stuck to the shiftless boy when, night after night, millionaires, the cream of the social register, begged for an introduction to the fascinating little French miss who, with an intriguing accent, sang rollicking ditties with a roll of mischievious brown eyes, a flash of gleaming teeth beneath pert lips. French! How Betty laughed at the deception and how often Cunningham joined her! It had all been an accident, this foreign business and the fame and popularity that had followed close in its wake. Betty had been just one of the chorus in a road show that was touring the country, when one night the temperamental French star had refused to go on just as the curtain was about to rise—and the house was sold out. Over her almost weeping protest, Cunningham had taken her from the first row center and shoved her into the star part. When she had made her first entrance, knees quaking beneath her, and had looked into that sea of expectant faces, every eye fastened upon her, she knew it was do or die—and Betty felt she was far too young to die. In the parlance of the theatre she was a "wow"—and the enterprising Chandler Cunningham was quick to take advantage of that fact. Paris, months of study under the best teachers the sparkling French capital afforded and Betty Murphy returned to her native land as Fifi d'Auray. It was fun, this double life she was leading. It was hard, too, hard to remember to let flow a stream of French words when she was angry, instead of giving her victim a thorough "bawling-out" in good old-fashioned United States. Only in the evenings when she was alone with Jimmie after the show in some modest little restaurant or, better still, in the seclusion of her own cosey little apartment could she be herself without fear of interruption. And now these brief respites were gone—gone until Jimmie found an honest-to-goodness job. She almost forgot the

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*This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Katherine Brush. Carey Wilson wrote the scenario and William A. Seiter directed, with Colleen Moore appearing as Fifi d'Auray, Raymond Hackett as Jimmie Willet, Frederic Marsh as Gregory Pyne, Virginia Lee Corbin as Claire Floyd, Mickey Bennett as call boy, Edward Martindel as Chandler Cunningham, Adrienne D'Ambricourt as Jo, Frederic Howard as treasurer, Sidney Jarvis as stage manager, Cleve Moore as press agent, Andy Rice, Jr., as song plugger, Ben Hendricks, Jr., as stage doorman and Larry Banthin as Bud Burke.*

# *and Fools*

LEE

*"I'm terribly lonesome, Betty, honest I am. No millionaire ever gives me a tumble, no matter how hard I smile. You're not seeing Jimmie tonight. Suppose we have supper together, just the two of us."*

*'Sure, Peanuts. Why not?" Supper with Claire would help her pass the dreary hour when, she missed Jimmie most of all.*

presence of the little blonde chorus girl who was sitting in her dressing-room, eyeing her anxiously, as her mind became lost in dreary contemplation of many more such evenings as the last two had been. Then through the maze of her own thoughts she heard Claire's words:

"Gee, there goes my bracelet!"

"What in the world are you talking about?" Betty asked.

"You see," the other girl returned, "Mr. Pyne promised me a gorgeous bracelet if I could get you to meet him. He says he's been trying for weeks and every night he occupies the same box just to watch you. And, Betty, I never had a diamond bracelet, never had anything from a millionaire."

"Well, listen to me again, bright eyes"—Betty flourished her powder puff to emphasize her words—"if getting that bracelet depends upon me, you're out of luck."

"Gee, I think you're mean!" Claire pouted. Then a bright idea came to her—and they came so seldom that she was almost stunned by the occurrence. "I'm terrible lonesome, Betty, honest I am," she continued. "No millionaire ever gives me a tumble, no matter how hard I smile. You're not seeing Jimmie tonight. Suppose we have supper together, just the two of us."

Betty looked into her friend's pleading eyes. She was lonesome, too. Supper with Claire might help her pass the dreary hour after the show when she missed Jimmie most of all.

"Sure, Peanuts! Why not?" she agreed.

AND Claire's bright idea was really bright—at least, as far as securing that bracelet was concerned. They had just finished their supper that evening when, to the little chorus girl's feigned surprise, none other than Mr. Pyne approached their table. Claire sparkled as she shook hands with the millionaire.

"Oh, Mr. Pyne, I'd like to make you acquainted with—" she began.

But the light was never slow to dawn on Betty Murphy. At once she recognized the trick her friend had played on her.

"Oh, my dear, don't tell me this is Gregory Worthington Pyne of New York, Long Island and Miami?" she interrupted. "I'm all a-twitter, with a twitter as is a twitter. I'm Betty Murphy—and I've been just crazy to meet you. Say, I read in a dirt sheet that you've got fourteen gold bath tubs in your place in Miami. Tell me, Mr. Pyne, is that on the level, huh?"

The man drew back, shocked at the vulgarity of Claire's companion. With a murmured excuse, he turned his attention to the little blonde chorus girl.

"Wouldn't Miss d'Auray come with you?" he asked.

But Betty was not going to be left out of the picture so easily.

"Say, big boy," she put in, nudging the indignant man with her elbow, "ain't us American girls good enough for you? What's the big idea making a sap of yourself over that French hussy?"

Immediately Pyne sprang to the defense of the dainty little French actress who had so intrigued his fancy.

"Hussy? She's not a—"

"She is a hussy, a funny-looking hussy. Come, big boy, I'll give you the lowdown. That French dame's just a lot of bologney."

"Miss Murphy, you're a very rude person," the man told her.

Betty drew herself up haughtily.

"Say, high-hat, you've insulted me and you gotta apologize."

"Apologize?" the enraged Pyne repeated. "Say, if I apologize to you I hope some one punches me in the jaw."

Betty rose from her chair and drew her fur about her neck.

"Say, Floyd," she addressed Claire, "I ain't gonna stay here any longer to be insulted by this

big punk. And I must say your gemman friend is no gemman."

With that she swaggered from the table, leaving Claire choking down her laughter. But to Gregory Worthington Pyne it was no laughing matter.

"Will you please tell me what you brought her here for?" he demanded.

But all Claire could do was to repeat the thing nearest her heart:

"I get the diamond bracelet! I get the diamond bracelet!"

Then, swearing him to secrecy, she told him the whole story.

"But is she really like that?" he asked, keen disappointment in his voice.

"Of course not," she assured him. "She was just putting on a show for you. She's really the swellest girl you ever saw."

And Pyne was more anxious than ever to meet the clever little actress who could shed her French personality just as easily as she shed her curly Parisian wigs the moment the curtain descended on the last act.

"If there was only some way I could make her want to meet me," he said thoughtfully.

"Gee, I don't know how," Claire returned. "She doesn't care a thing for diamond bracelets." Then she got another bright idea—and two in one evening really made the little blonde chorus girl wonder if anything could be happening to her mind. "The only thing she really wants is a job for her boy friend."

That was just as easy for Pyne as purchasing diamond bracelets and he made a hasty memorandum of Jimmie's name and address. The very next day, that young man received a call from the manager of Pyne and Company with the result that he started to work there the following morning as assistant cashier. At noon the same day—before the slumbering Betty knew that it was the next day until the phone awakened her—he called at her hotel apartment.

"Well, you certainly got me fixed up fine!" he greeted. "I've been framed!"

"Jimmie dear, tell me, please—what is it?"

"When you had Pyne give me that job, didn't you realize what you were letting me in for?" he demanded.

"I didn't even know you were working for Mr. Pyne," she told him—and finally succeeded in forcing him to believe her.

Then he told her the story. About ten o'clock in the morning some one had phoned Brown, the cashier. Jimmie had called him to the phone, then had gone into the cage to watch a big bundle of bonds. All of a sudden, a gun was stuck in his face and it had been a case of passing over the bonds or getting shot—and Jimmie had passed over the bonds. The three hold-up men had been backing out just as Brown had returned and had started shooting. The men had dropped the bonds and had made a get-away.

"After it was over," Jimmie continued his story, "Brown said there had been no one on the phone. I was put through a third degree—as if I could help it that the phone call got disconnected. They grilled me for an hour. After that, they let me go to lunch and, when I got back, I bumped into one of the office boys outside the door. He told me they had sworn out a warrant for my arrest and two cops were waiting. I ducked over to my apartment but a cop was waiting there, too, so I grabbed a taxi and here I am."

"Jimmie, I'm afraid it's all my fault," Betty told him tearfully. "You see, last night Pyne came around to the theatre and was pestering me. I was afraid you might hear of it and misunderstand just the way you phoned me you did when Frank told you he saw me at the Cafe Nuite with Pyne and Claire, so I had a stagehand throw him out."

"That explains the whole thing," Jimmie commented, "but it won't keep me from going to jail. I haven't got a chance. Pyne's got money and pull—and he's out to get me."

"But he shan't get you, darling," she assured him. "I'll fix it some way. Everything's going to be all right."

Then she rang for the maid and directed her to have the car at the servants' entrance in five minutes.

THAT evening when Gregory Pyne returned to his bachelor quarters after a successful business trip, he found Betty waiting for him.

"Well, I'm still alive," he greeted her smilingly. "A little sore where that stagehand's fist landed but still in the running."

"I'm terribly sorry. I realize now that I shouldn't have done it," Betty apologized.

"I'm glad you did," Pyne told her. "Why, six months of conventional acquaintance wouldn't have brought you here."

"You know what brought me here," she returned gravely. "Why did you give Jimmie Willet a job?"

With a smile, the man told her:

"Well, honestly, I suppose you realize by this time that I'm pretty much interested in you. I felt that your regard for Willet was partly due to sympathy for his being out of work, so I thought I'd remove that sympathy. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," she replied quietly, trying to control her temper, for she was there to ask a favor of him and she knew her success would depend upon keeping calm. "Is that why you framed him, too?"

But Pyne disclaimed any knowledge of the affair. He had been out of town all day, hadn't even heard there had been a robbery. He immediately got his office manager, Barnes, on the phone to learn the details. The bonds had been out of the safe, the manager explained, because Mrs. Hudson, one of their clients, had phoned she was coming down to pick them up. Only two people in the office knew

this, Brown and his assistant, Willet. The police had found a photograph of one of the men known as Walker whom the office boy had identified as one of the robbers.

"Did any one make a call between the time Mrs. Hudson phoned and the hold-up took place?" Pyne asked.

Barnes told him that only one call had gone out from the office and that had been made by Jimmie Willet at nine-forty. A few more questions and Pyne hung up the receiver and turned to Betty.

"They have good reason to believe that Willet was an accomplice," he announced.

"But he wasn't," the girl assured him tearfully. "He didn't have anything to do with it."

Then Pyne wanted to know where the boy was, but Betty steadfastly refused to tell him until finally, convinced of the sincerity of his desire to help her, she consented to take him to her apartment where she was hiding Jimmie.

*"I'll stop communicating with Miss d'Auray when she herself asks me to."*

"What's he doing here?" the boy greeted sullenly as soon as he became aware of the man's identity. "What's this? Another frame-up?"

"Don't you see, dear, this is the way to get at the bottom of things?" Betty pleaded.

"It's a trick, I tell you!" he stormed. "This is the bird that framed me—and he's got you buffaloed!"

"Look here, Willet, I'm here as a friend," the man assured him. "Please let's sit down and talk things over."

"Mr. Pyne wants to ask you a few questions, Jimmie," Betty added. "You've got to answer them if we're going to prove your innocence."

The boy saw there was no other way out of it now, so he grudgingly consented. By dint of questioning, the man learned that, though Jimmie had been instructed to find out who was calling any time he answered the phone, he had neglected to do so when the mesage had come for Brown. At first, he did not recall that he, himself, had used the phone during the morning until Pyne brought out the memorandum that at nine-forty he had gotten in connection with Chatham 88114.

"What did you talk to Joe Walker about?" he asked.

"That was a personal call," the boy flashed. "What right have they got butting into my private affairs?"

"You haven't answered my question, Willet," the man said gravely. The boy hesitated, obviously nervous, then he admitted that he had been making a bet on a horse race and he hadn't wanted anyone to know. "Well, that explains it all," Pyne commented, seemingly relieved. "I can see now that you're innocent and I'll have the charges withdrawn immediately."

He rose to go and Betty accompanied him to the door.

"Mr. Pyne, please let me thank you," she said, putting her hand in his. "I can't begin to tell you—"

There was sincere regard, friendship in the smile with which he regarded her.

"The matter's closed," he said gently.

From the settee in the living-room, Jimmie had been regarding the two with jealous eyes.

"Just a minute," he said, joining them. "As long as we're getting things cleared up around here, I wish you'd lay off sending flowers and notes to Fifi here."

"I'll stop communicating with Miss d'Auray when she herself asks me to," the man returned.

"Yeh?" the boy said sarcastically. "Well, that's right now."

"Jimmie, don't—please," Betty pleaded.

"He wants you to tell him to stop bothering you," Jimmie flashed. "Go ahead and tell him."

"Look here, Willet," Pyne told him, a trifle impatiently. "It seems to me that's Miss d'Auray's own private affair."

"Yeh? Well, it's my affair, too. I'm not going to have anybody paying attention to my—wife."

Gregory Pyne's face paled.

"Wife?" he repeated, turning to Betty. "Is this true?"

*(Continued on page 28)*

# LIVES OF THE GREAT

By HOWARD CURTIS

SHE was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England, on a stormy March 4th. The year? In Miss Mackaill's own language:

"Why bring that up?"

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackaill. Her father is descended from a long line of Scotch-English squires. He continues to manage the Maypole Dairy Company at Hull, a position he has held for years. Her mother lives with her in Hollywood. Her brother, Harry, is in Australia.

At the age of six, Dorothy decided to become an actress. When she reached ten, her ambition was to be a bare-legged dancer in the front row. When she was thirteen, she was sent to school in London. After nine months at the Thorne Academy on Wigmore Street, she ran away and her first ambition was realized. She joined the chorus at the London Hippodrome and was prominent in a number called "The Chicken Walk". She danced bare-legged in the front row. Between times she played in English pictures. She has forgotten the name and the company. At that time she didn't care for film acting.

The specialty number, "The Chicken Walk," became so famous that the girls who performed it at the Hippodrome were taken to Paris. There Miss Mackaill played in a French film—and didn't like that any better.

Then her second ambition was born. It was to go to America and dance in the "Follies". She wanted to see the tall buildings she had read about—and to work for Flo Ziegfeld. So she started for the New York skyline at the westward side of the Atlantic.

At a revival of "Floradora" in New York, she crashed the stage door and exchanged persiflage with a man who proved to be Lee Shubert. He gave her a job in the show. When the show closed, she went to see Mr. Ziegfeld. She was determined to get in the "Follies".

In the producer's outer office she proclaimed that she was "Dorothy Mackaill of London to see Mr. Ziegfeld". The London part of her announcement got her an audience.

*Dorothy Mackaill is frank and likes frankness in others.*

"He liked my voice and my legs and put me in the 'Midnight Frolic' on the Roof," Dorothy reports.

Then he gave her a racy song to sing because it sounded funny with her English accent. She was wearing the clothes of Jacqueline Logan then—Jacky having just left the "Frolic".

Edwin Carewe, the director, saw Dorothy in the show and offered her a role in "Mighty Lak' a Rose". She decided she liked American movies. Her first role got her parts with Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade" and "Twenty-One". Then she signed a contract to go to Hollywood. But her next pictures were terrible and with customary impulsiveness she tore up the contract, much to the relief of the producer who had signed her. She played in a number of other eastern pictures with indifferent success.

Something had to be done, so she bobbed her long yellow hair for a role in "Chickie", her initial First National picture. Then came a series of productions leading to "Subway Sadie", her first with Jack Mulhall. Since then, they have been teamed in many successful screen offerings but she admits that "The Barker" and "His Captive Woman", made with Milton Sills, are among her best efforts.

Dorothy Mackaill has never had any desire to return to England because "it would take too long". She lost much of her English appearance when she

(Continued on page 32)

*Marion loved the young doctor for his sympathy and understanding as he stopped at her cot on his rounds.*

# ACQUITTED

By HELEN HOYT

IT WAS Marion's first day out of jail. The long dragging months in that gray stone building, the work in the laundry to which she had been assigned had taken their toll and she had spent the last part of her term in the prison hospital. She knew she never could have pulled through had not young Doctor Bradford come forward when a blood transfusion was necessary. Perhaps she would have loved him for his clean manliness, for the understanding and sympathy in his voice as he stopped at her cot on his rounds and gave her a word of cheer but, when he had cheerfully offered the sacrifice to save a life that many would not have considered worth the effort of a smile, she had grown to worship him with all the depth of feeling of her loyal nature. On the morning of her release, he had come to the warden's office to bid her goodby—and he had been in prison garb instead of the immaculate white of his calling. Then, for the first time, she had realized that he also was a prisoner, a lifer, he had told her. He thought, of course, that she had known all along—news travels fast in the ward of a prison hospital. Then he had briefly outlined his story.

He had been out on an emergency case one night and, when he had returned to his office, he had found Joe Vacetti ransacking his cabinet. He wanted to squeal on his gang because they had double-crossed him, he had explained, and he had to have the stuff to bolster up his nerves. The doctor had refused him, so he had dashed to his desk, grabbed the gun from the drawer and struck him a blow on the head which had sent him reeling across the room. When he had regained consciousness, he was sitting up with the gun in his hand—and the policemen were bending over the dead body of Joe Vacetti.

Neither the judge nor the jury had believed his story but Marion did. As she sat now at a table in the Hotel Major, waiting for the arrival of the owner, Frank Egan, her mind was searching for a way to save him. It was so easy to frame a person—if you knew how! She herself had been framed—by the very man she had dressed so carefully to meet tonight, framed and left to serve those long dreary months without any help from him. He had made no sign that he knew her time was up today but she had announced to him her presence in the hotel by lifting a bag of jewels from one pocket of a guest and depositing it in another. Marion was an adept at this and, when the infuriated guest reported at Egan's office that his valuables had been stolen and then discovered them in another pocket, the proprietor knew that the girl was waiting for him at their regular table. His face lighted up with a pleased smile. She was a good kid, the cleverest worker he'd ever had and, for the first time, he was really in love—perhaps because, also for the first time when he had fancied one of his assistants, she had steadfastly insisted upon keeping their relationship on a strictly business basis. Though his pleasure at seeing her again was apparent in

*"You're a great guy, Frank, in lots of ways, but anything besides business—well, I'm afraid it's out—just as before."*

*This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' photoplay presented by Harry Cohen and directed by Frank Strayer, with Lloyd Hughes appearing as Doctor Bradford, Margaret Livingston as Marion, Sam Hardy as Frank Egan, Charles West as McManus, George Rigas as Tony, Charles Wilson as Nelson and Otto Hoffman as Dad Smith.*

his eyes, his greeting was casual but he remembered all her favorite dishes and the dinner he ordered lacked none of them. And Marion was lovelier than ever—the first glance told him that. The prison pallor of her face, untouched by rouge, gleamed white against the silken inkiness of her hair and her dark eyes were crystal-clear from the enforced regular living, hard as it had been. But a hotel dining-room was, Egan decided, not the most comfortable place to carry on a private conversation—of the kind he had in mind—so, as soon as dinner was over, he suggested leaving.

"I have a little surprise for you," he told her.

He led her to the suite she had formerly occupied and she found everything unchanged—to the smallest detail.

"You see, I left things just as they were," he said, "and I'm still living on the floor below."

"Frank, I want to talk to you," she returned gravely.

"Yes, I know all about it," he assured her. "But first I want to talk to you. I framed you into the Pen and let you take the whole jug because you're the smartest girl on my payroll and I saw you were getting fidgety and I wanted to show you who was boss."

"I came back, didn't I?" she parried. "You're a great guy, Frank, in lots of ways, but anything be sides business—well, I'm afraid it's out—just as before."

"You sound more final about it this time than you used to," he told her. "You sound as if you'd met somebody new."

"Why, where have I been to meet anyone?" she smiled.

But he knew all about the young doctor at the prison, knew how he had given his blood to save her life, knew, in fact, everything that had happened to her during her stay in that cold gray building."

"I suppose he told you he was innocent," he smiled, "and you probably thought it was some one in the organization that bumped off Joe Vacetti. You figured that you'd come back here, say you were ready to go to work with us again and get the proof to free him. Say, I was wise to you even before I walked into that dining-room." Marion knew that he had been, knew, also, from past experience that frankness always brought the best results, so she admitted that he was right and begged him to help her get Bradford out. "Well, if you're sure it isn't just because he's a good-looking young guy and you're grateful for what he did when you were sick, you can have your boy-friend out of jail as a present from Uncle Frank. You see, I know something about love—whether you think I do or not."

Marion started to thank him but her gratitude seemed to embarrass him and he cut her short.

When one of his men asked him why he was so anxious to get Bradford out of jail, he explained:

"As long as he's on the inside for something he didn't do, she'll be on the outside looking for somebody who did do it. She's a smart girl, Mack, and she might find what she's looking for. Besides, while he's in the pen, she'll always be thinking of him and feeling sorry for him, but, when he comes out—"

WITH an organization such as the one Frank Egan controlled, all details were quickly arranged—a man could be gotten out of jail with almost as much dispatch as he could be put in. In this case, old Dad Smith happened to be the handy man. He had already spent fifteen years in jail, though he claimed he had never done a crooked thing in all his life, except, of course, commit perjury—and that didn't count. On this same day the old man had received a letter from California that worried him more than all his other troubles. His idolized only son, Eddie, had fallen into bad company and it was twenty years in jail unless he could raise $8500—and, by a strange coincidence, that was exactly the sum Egan offered him to confess to the murder of Joe Vacetti and thus free young Dr. Bradford.

Marion was waiting outside the prison gate for him the day he was released and she was happier than she had ever been in her hectic young life. Perhaps her dream would come true now—she could go straight again with the man she loved. Like two youngsters they discussed their plans for the future as they rolled along toward New York in Frank Egan's car. They were so happy that nothing mattered—even when engine trouble brought the machine to a standstill half way home. It was in front of an unpretentious little restaurant and they decided to go in for a bite while the chauffeur was doing the usual tinkering. It was lucky, too, they agreed, when an accident brought forth the call for a doctor. Perhaps it was a good omen, this chance to get back into practice the very first day.

But it wasn't many moments later before Bradford knew the truth—he had been framed. On pretense of taking him to the wounded man, the restaurant proprietor had led him to a large room upstairs where Frank Egan's men were waiting to take charge of him. And soon Marion heard the news from one of the gang—they were to keep the doctor until twelve o'clock—he wouldn't tell her where—then, if they didn't hear from Egan, they were to "give him the works". The girl lost no time in getting back to the city. As she faced Frank Egan in his apartment at the hotel, there was disgust for herself as well as contempt for him in her eyes.

"Gee, I'm a dumb bell!" she greeted him. "I certainly fell for that old gag. Where is he now?"

But the man received her outburst with a quiet smile.

"I got him out of the Pen and that's all I promised you I would do," he reminded her. "Have I made the situation quite clear to you?"

"Oh, I get it all right, " she told him. "If you telephone McManus and Tony by twelve o'clock,

they won't touch him but, if you don't, they'll bump him off. Now what am I supposed to do?"

"Try and guess," he replied meaningly. "You're not so dumb."

"And the answer is still, 'No,' get me, 'No'." In her anger she pounded her fist down on the desk before which she stood.

"Suit yourself," he told her. "And you can pound on that desk all you want to—it doesn't worry me."

Marion continued to pound—it formed an outlet for her nervous anxiety—and, as she did, she accidently hit a secret button and the top drawer flew open—disclosing Egan's gun right at her hand. She pointed it at the man sitting across the room.

"I'll give you just thirty seconds to do some telephoning," she warned.

"Oh, you wouldn't do that," Egan returned easily, "because I'm the only one that knows the telephone number."

"You've always gotten everything you've ever wanted," she told him scornfully, "no matter what it's cost the other fellow but you won't get me. I'll give you just one more chance. Are you going to telephone the doctor?"

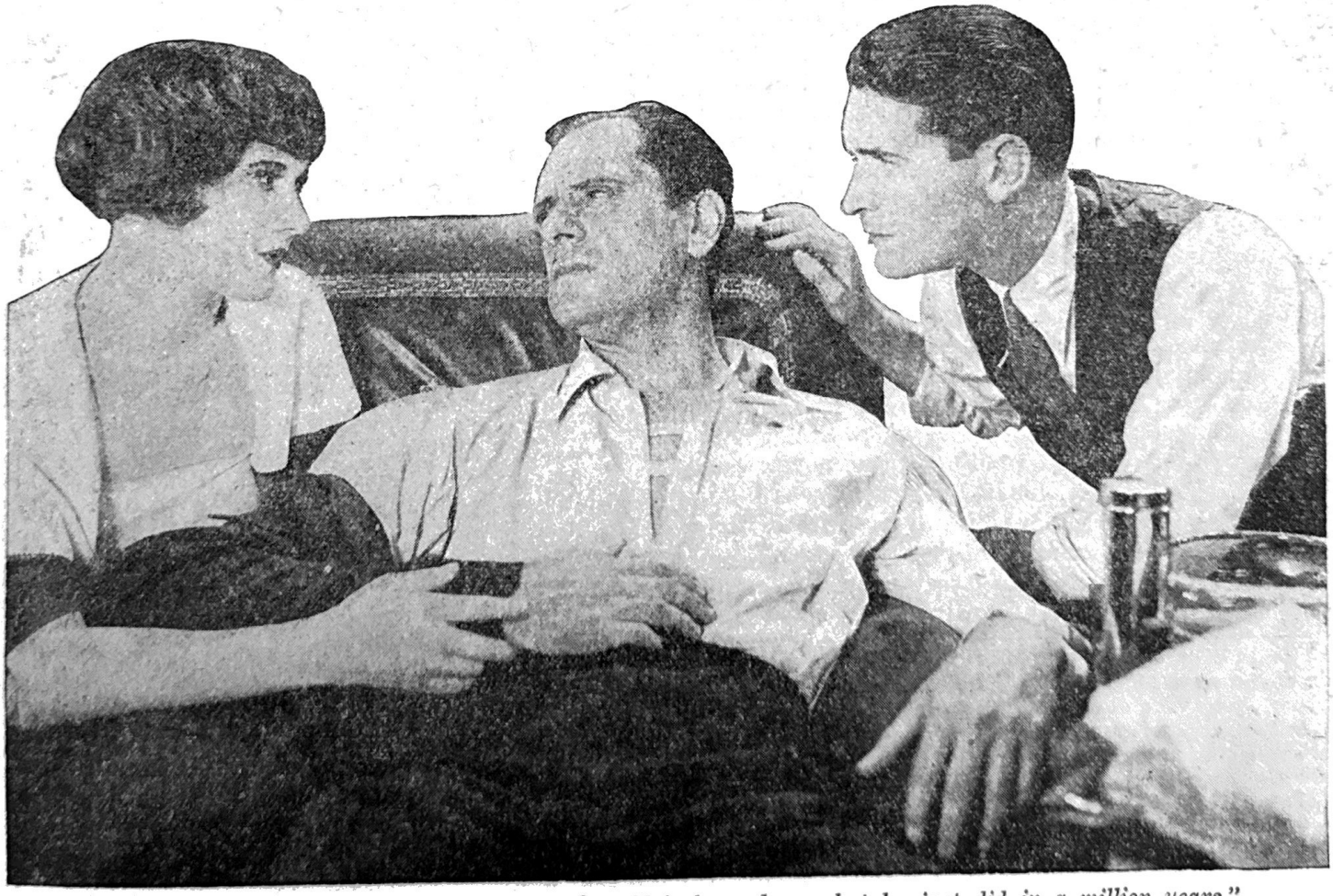
"Why should I telephone the doctor?" the man laughed. "I don't need one."

A pistol shot rang out and the laugh died on his lips as, with a groan of pain, he grasped his shoulder.

"How do you feel about needing the doctor now?" the girl questioned. "And there's only one doctor you can get who won't report a gun wound to the police—and you can't afford such a report. You'd better give me that number now if you want to save yourself."

*The judge and jury had not believed Bradford's story but Marion did.*

The man's face twisted in agony as he put his handkerchief to the wound to stem the flow of blood. *(Continued on page 25)*



*"You're right, Marion, he's a great guy. I couldn't have done what he just did in a million years."*

# PAINTED

By JEAN

*To Beppo, Nancy gave all the devotion of her girlish heart, teasing him, scolding him, bossing him.*

FOR five days the jury had been locked up. Innumerable votes had been taken, with always the same result, eleven for conviction, one for acquittal. The women's nerves were frayed to the point of hysteria; the men were losing their self-control with each ballot—and still the twelfth held out. Arguments, threats, nothing availed against his stubborness. A clown in a circus, he had told them he was, and they had dubbed him, "Funny Face". But even a clown, they argued, should be able to see anything that was as plain as the guilt of the boy who was on trial for his life. A vaudeville headliner had been found dead in his dressing-room. Buddy Martin, of the team of Martin and Barnes, had been heard to say that he would kill this Roderick if he did not cease his attentions to Babe Barnes, Buddy's dancing partner and, when the sound of a shot had brought the other members of the bill rushing to Roderick's dressing-room, they had found Buddy standing there, a pistol in his hand. To be sure, he had sworn he was innocent, but who could believe him in the face of this damning evidence—who, indeed, but a clown?

As the fifth day drew to its close, the foreman announced his intention of notifying the court that the jury could not reach an agreement and asking that they be dismissed. Horror struck the heart of Beppo, the clown. That would mean a new jury—with no one to hold out for acquittal! He grasped the foreman by the arm.

"Please let me tell you a story before you go out there," he pleaded.

The foreman turned away in disgust.

"We've been here a week and now you want to tell us a story! Bah!" Beppo held on to him desperately.

"If you'll listen to this story about circumstantial evidence and you still think that boy is guilty, then I'll vote guilty with you."

The foreman turned to the other members of the jury. They were all of the same opinion. They had been there five days, a few minutes more would not matter.

"All right, clown," the foreman agreed. "Snap into it—and it better be good."

*Beppo looked on with a strange fear in*

*This is an adaptation of the Tiffany-Stahl screen presentation of the story by Frances Hyland. Frederic and Fanny Hatton wrote the dialogue and Al Rogell directed, with Joe E. Brown appearing as Beppo, Helen Foster as Nancy, Barton Hepburn as Buddy Barton, Dorothy Gulliver as Babe Barnes, Lester Cole as Roderick, Sojin as Cafe Proprietor, Jack Richardson as Stage Manager, Alma Bennett, Mabel Julienne Scott, Florence Midgley and May Wallace as jurywomen and Howard Truesdell, Baldy Belmont, Jerry Drew, Walter Jerry, Russ Dudley, Purnell Pratt and Clinton Lyle as jurymen.*

# FACES

PENNINGTON

Then slowly, struggling to make his broken English understood, Beppo began his story.

FIVE years before, Carl, his partner, had met his death in the circus ring, leaving his fourteen-year-old daughter, Nancy, an orphan. From that day, Beppo had scrimped and saved to take care of the golden-haired little girl, to give her an education that would fit her for a place in the world outside the Big Top. Four years after her father's death, she had returned to Beppo, her schooling finished, her delight at being back in the sawdust ring unbounded. To the clown she gave all the devotion of her girlish heart, scolding him, playing with him, mothering him, bossing him about in her sweet, girlish way. Then, all of a sudden one day, it came to him that she was no longer a child, that she had grown up into a beautiful young woman—and that he loved her.

Meantime, Wally Martin, who played the ukelele outside one of the shows on the Midway, also realized that Nancy was a young lady, a beautiful young lady. And Wally had a way with women, a way that captivated this girl with her inexperience of the world and its men. He was constantly in her company, taking her out to dinner in restaurants that were a relief from the cook tent of the circus where she always ate with Daddy Beppo, playing the guitar and singing to her love songs that she thought were meant for her ears alone. The clown looked on with a strange fear in his heart, a fear that had nothing to do with his desire to keep Nancy for his own. Indeed, he had determined that she would never guess that his love for her was other than that of a father for his daughter. Then, one night when the circus moved on to the next town, Nancy was missing. She had gone for a walk with Wally. Perhaps they had missed the car and would come on the next train. Beppo tried to keep hope alive in his heart. But Nancy never returned. A few days later her body was found in the lake on the outskirts of the town the circus had played last. In her hand was a pitiful, scrawled note:

"Daddy Beppo, I cannot bear to face you after what I have done."

Tears dimmed the clown's eyes as he sank down in his chair at the jury table.

"That's a sad story," the foreman commented, "but I can't for the life of me see what it's got to do with this case, so let's take our last ballot."

Beppo was on his feet again.

(Continued on page 30)

*All of a sudden it came to Beppo that Nancy was no longer a child but a beautiful young woman and that he loved her.*

*his heart at Wally's attentions to Nancy.*

# THAT'S THAT

By RUTH RAND

*Estelle Taylor is now appearing in vaudeville—so is husband, Jack Dempsey. They are in different acts and in different towns but they do manage to phone each other every night with the usual queries, "How was the house?" "How did your act go?" Well, anyway, it is nice for the telephone company!*

*Ever since Helen Kane started that putter de tut business, a vaudeville bill without an imitator is rarer than a day in June. And, when Helen gets to be the rage throughout the country, as she threatens to do with her current release, "Sweetie," there'll be a new language from six to sixty.*

WHILE the anthropologists and the archaeologists have been digging up ancient relics and buried cities, film biographers have been unearthing new facts about well-known film stars. Some of them follow:

Corinne Griffith's father came of old American stock, but her mother was Italian, descended from three famous Venetian and one Neapolitan family. The star was born in Texarkana, Texas, on the state line between Texas and Arkansas. Both states claim her as a daughter.

Maurice Chevalier was a street gamin in Paris.

Richard Barthelmess was and still is a business man. He was lured away from a business career by the movies, but his talents in handling his own affairs as well as his success in films have made him one of Hollywood's richest citizens.

Colleen Moore, reputed to be a Southerner, was born in Port Huron, Michigan. Her name was Kathleen Morrison. She is of pure Irish descent.

Two Danes have become outstanding in films. They are Karl Dane and Jean Hersholt. Hersholt was a noted artist in Copenhagen before he became a stage actor, then a film director. Then he came to America, where he served in both capacities.

Loretta Young is the only child star who returned to the screen as a "grown-up" and reached stellar heights. First National is about to announce her as a star; she had been featured in "Fast Life", "The Forward Pass" and other pictures.

Alice White cultivated sex appeal as a secretary in a real estate office, turned saleswoman without permission and was dismissed for that reason. An agent to whom she had sold a lot finally got her into the movies.

Billie Dove's parents are of Swiss descent. They lived in an apartment on 114th Street, New York, where Billie was born. They named her Lillian. Her second name was Bohney. It was changed when a photographer told her:

"You ought to change your name to Dove—you look so much like one."

Bernice Claire, a newcomer to the screen, shares with Alice Gentle the distinction of being an opera singer acting in pictures. An Oakland girl, she became a protege of Jeritza and was known in New York as "the youngest prima donna". She understudied the lead in "The Desert Song" and got the part. Alexander Gray, who sang opposite her in this stage production and is now paired with her in films, was once an advertising man.

Lois Wilson has cultivated an English accent—and she comes from Birmingham, Alabama. Dorothy Mackaill, who comes from Hull, England, has lost her English accent and talks like a Southerner at times. Rod LaRocque pronounced "been" as "bin" until talking pictures came; now he calls it "bean" a la Trafalgar Square.

Monte Blue was a cowboy before he became a dramatic actor in films.

Al Jolson was an amateur and a professional boxer at one time in his checkered career.

Jack Dempsey trained for his fight with Jess Willard at the old Brunton Studios, where they were using the same gymnasium and each making a picture. Dempsey became world champion, so his picture met with the greater success.

*All the leading ladies of screenland—even the most beautiful—are envying Claudette Colbert who has been chosen as Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in "The Big Pond" which is being made at the Paramount Long Island Studio. "Everyone on the Chevalier set has a happy time," one of the actors in the French star's recent picture, "The Love Parade," told me. "The gay, sparkling Chevalier of the screen is the Chevalier of real life and it's more like play than work to be in one of his productions." "The Big Pond" will be made in French as well as in English. Claudette, you know, is of French descent and all her life she has spoken this language at home. We first saw her a few years ago on the stage as the peppy baby vamp in "The Kiss in the Taxi". Her hair was a mass of wilful ringlets all over her head, a far different Claudette from the charming, dignified, quite grown-up young lady who has been talking to us from the screen of late. We believe she has every asset of a flicker star and we predict, though her ascent may not be meteoric, it will be sure—and when she gets there she'll stay.*

Betty Compson is one of the many girls who came to fame as an extra who was given a bit in a film that scored a great success. The film was "The Miracle Man." Lon Chaney also came to fame from obscurity in this picture. Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, of deaf and dumb parents.

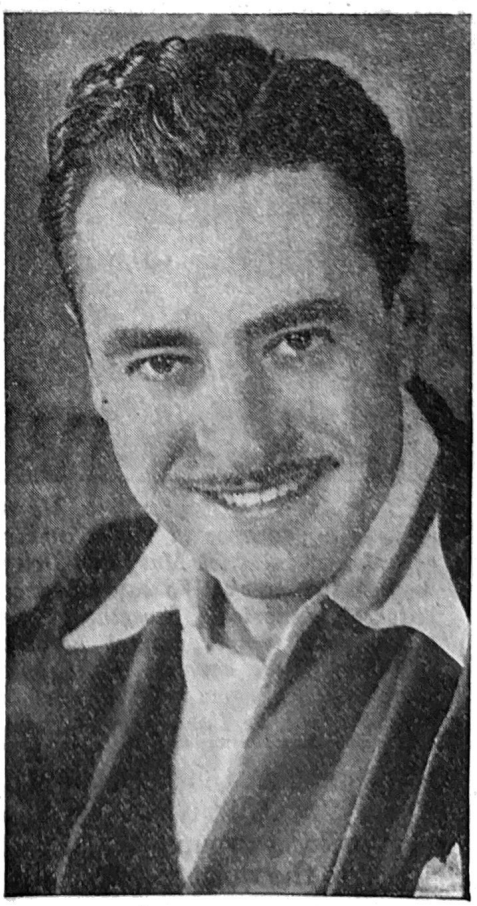
"WHAT'S your accent?" is the newest question asked of screen aspirants by the casting directors of Hollywood. "Accent people" have a regular classification at the Central Casting Bureau. Recently the First National Studio sent out a call for seventeen extras with a North of England accent and seven with a Cockney accent for "The Furies", in which Lois Wilson and H. B. Warner have the leading roles. And the demand was promptly supplied. Accents from all over the world can be obtained from the miscellaneous population drawn to Hollywood and Los Angeles.

*Rudy Vallee has returned from Hollywood and his real self and his celluloid self are crooning love songs not many blocks away from each other on the street that wakes up to its greatest gayety when the sun goes to bed. Rudy's first full-length celluloid appearance, "The Vagabond Lover," has just opened. If it proves as popular as the singing star in person, it will have to keep going twenty-four hours a day. Meanwhile, rumors keep floating East that Mary Brian and Rudy were the best of pals while the latter was busy in Hollywood. That's the penalty of being a public favorite—Dame Gossip can't leave you alone even in your private affairs.*

A BIT of New York was transferred to the Tiffany-Stahl Studios in Hollywood during the filming of "Peacock Alley," an all-talking production starring Mae Murray. An exact replica of the Little Church Around The Corner, the scene of many romantic marriages, was built on one of the biggest sound stages at the studio. Miss Murray and Jason Robards were the participants in the ceremony.

FUZZY, the small white poodle who plays the part of the pianist in the dog orchestra of the canine drama, "Hot Dogs," learned to play the piano after one week of intensive training. Fuzzy is a member of one of vaudeville's most famous dog acts and was drafted for a part in his first motion picture while he and his master were vacationing in Los Angeles.

*Is John Gilbert under the "three" hoodoo or is it just a case of those who do make ideal lovers don't make the same success as husbands? Some say the house divided came about as a result of the house added, that the new rooms John was building to his home to accommodate wife Ina Claire's forty trunks, etc., were so noisy in the making that the bride of a few months decided to seek other quarters—alone. Others say—Well, maybe, when "All Quiet on the Western Front" is once more tacked on the Gilbert door, the other half of the household may return.*



*No, this isn't the expected Dolores Costello John Barrymore heir or heiress—but Dolores' film offspring in "Hearts in Exile", the new Warner Brothers' picture that has just opened on Broadway. We wouldn't be a bit surprised to hear that some enterprising producers are even now waiting to put the young Barrymore, boy or girl, under contract. Talk about being born with a silver spoon in your mouth—a fat movie contract is a far niftier article to wave at a waiting world with the first gurgle.*

*Broadway is eagerly awaiting Mary Pickford's appearance in "The Taming of the Shrew" in which Mary and Doug will open this week. We saw advance flashes of America's Sweetheart as Shakespeare's temperamental heroine and, forsooth, we scarcely recognized her. She does some real strenuous characterization in this latest venture.*

SEEN about the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios: Wallace Beery walking around in the sun stripped to the waist to get tanned up for "The Bugle Sounds", Anita Page in the drug store next door buying cream to remove beach tan in time for her next picture. Those who have it don't want it, and vice versa.

WILL talkies make the doctor's stethoscope obsolete?

This contingency seems probable in light of experiments recently completed in Hollywood.

For a scene in a detective talking picture, "The Bishop Murder Case," a "sound track" of a woman's heart beating was needed.

All sorts of stethoscopes were attached to the sound reproducing equipment, without effect. Finally the bare microphone itself, with no other equipment, was pressed against the woman's heart. Immediately a loud, steady pumping sound was heard throughout the playback room; in fact, so accurate was the highly tuned "mike" that, when it was moved one half inch, the pump of the heart had added to it the sound of air swishing in and out of the woman's lungs.

Dr. Stanley Jones, an eminent physician who attended the patient, is of the opinion that the remarkable effects secured by Director Grinde will eventually make it imperative for heart specialists to have sound recording equipment as part of their regular stock in trade.

"No stethoscope in the world gave me such a sound picture of the heart as did this movie demonstration," he said.

*Mrs. Lydell Peck! It's difficult to realize that little Janet Gaynor is now a grown-up married lady. Mr. Peck, a young millionaire attorney from Oakland, California, fought the most strenuous battle of his legal career to win his suit, for there was strong competition in the person of Charles Farrell who has wooed and won the lovely little star so many times on the screen that not only the fans but even the Hollywood wise ones heard the echo of wedding bells. The two film sweethearts were pals when both were struggling extras and innumerable times their engagement was rumored. Then Janet was guest of honor at a victory party given by a University of California fraternity after a football game. There she met Lydell Peck and the rest is film history. Charlie is a lonely boy now, they tell us. The two favorites will still continue to work on the Fox lot. Will the public demand to see them as screen sweethearts again?*

# Consult Mystic MYRA

*Nancy Carroll, the girl with the lilting voice and youthful charm, has risen rapidly since "Abie's Irish Rose". Recently Broadway saw her in "The Dance of Life" and "Illusion" and now "Sweetie" is playing to packed houses.*

## SHE *SEES* ALL, *HEARS* ALL, and if She *Doesn't* She'll *Find Out*

M. N.: Yes, Lewis Stone, "the polished lover," as you so aptly call him, is married, that is, at present writing. We understand, however, that he recently started divorce proceedings, charging cruelty and incompatibility. The present Mrs. Stone is known on the stage as Florence Oakley.

* * *

Louise of Louisville: What has become of your former favorite, Theda Bara? This queen of all vamps—with, perhaps, the exception of Cleopatra—we're not so sure—has just started a vaudeville tour. I don't know whether or not it will carry her as far as your town but, if it does, a note of welcome, addressed to her in care of the theatre, will, I am certain, be appreciated. Why doesn't Theda return to the screen? Well, I'm sure I don't know. However, as soon as she is playing within commuting distance, I'm going to see her and I'll try to find out for you.

* * *

Mary B.: You'd like to see Jack Mulhall in more pictures and you'd like to know something about him. Well, I'll tell Jack the one and I'll tell you the other. He was born in Wappingers Falls, New York. His stage debut was with the Ned Wayburn production, "The Producer". He started in the movies doing "bits" at the old Edison Studio in Fort Lee. His first big part was as juvenile lead with Blanche Sweet in "The House of Discord". He's now a First National star—and he's not married.

* * *

Helen Marie: What happens to the sons and daughters of famous movie personalities? Well, some of them follow in the footsteps of dear old Dad. It was only a short time ago that Cecilia De Mille made her debut in one of the pictures of her renowned father, Cecil B. De Mille. Jeane Wood is now appearing in the new Duncan Sisters talkie, temporarily titled "Cotton and Silk", which her father, Sam Wood, is directing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Edward Axt, son of the noted musical director, Dr. William Axt, is also making his initial bow as an actor in the same picture. Fred Niblo, Jr., son of the director of "Redemption", "Ben Hur" and other notable productions, is a staff writer in the studio which has his father under contract. It is well known that Dolores and Helene Costello quickly followed their father, Maurice, into the rarified air of film stardom. And the case of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., does not need explanation.

# Our School of Scenario Writing

*Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL*

## LESSON NINETY-EIGHT (Reviewed)

*Is Your Play a "Clean" Play?*

MAYBE you think, from my frequent comments on scripts as being too obviously moral propaganda and therefore likely to be rejected because producers know that audiences do not like to have the so-called "moral" forced upon them as used to be the fashion in another generation in writing books for children, that this sort of script is the only kind I receive. Not by a long shot. You'd be surprised if you read some of the plots and some of the situations in many of the scripts submitted. Some I return with the simple remark that the script is obviously unsuited for screening, but others deserve even more cutting criticism.

One would think that certain situations, the type that comes in for discussion in court only after the room has been cleared of spectators, might suggest themselves to a writer as unfit for screening, but this is, apparently, not the case. He wants to be original and so he writes about something he has never seen screened, giving no consideration to the fact that he has never seen it, not because it hasn't been thought of, but because it has been objected to as unfit for public presentation outside of a court room or a medical clinic. I'm sure there's practically nothing that has not been considered in the studios. They're a pretty wise lot there and know life in all its phases, and, if an unpleasant or unclean situation has not been used, it isn't because of their ignorance of its existence, but because of their understanding of its unsuitability.

For instance, I received a script lately, dealing with the moral or rather immoral conditions existing among certain types of immigrant families in the slums of many big cities. Perhaps, at that, I shouldn't confine the condition to big cities, for it probably prevails in small towns as well. Anyway, the story, while undoubtedly true, dealt with a criminal situation similar to one in a recent New York trial, where spectators were excluded during the testimony. Now, just what chance could the writer think that script would have of ultimate presentation before an audience of all classes and ages? He based his claim on its originality, but it seemed original to him only because he had never seen a similar plot on the screen, and it is safe to predict he never will.

Another script which recently came to my attention, not in this department but professionally, dealt solely with crime. Starting with a couple of jewel robberies and a murder, it ended with a regular orgy of tragedy, several murders and one justifiable homicide completing the plot. Only the detective and the one perfect lady in the cast were surviving, the latter got a life term in an eastern prison. Just a little bit too sordid to be good entertainment, don't you think?

In an interview with a New York Sunday World reporter which is printed on the day this article is written, Mr. Will H. Hays says that the movie producers have built up a system of self-censorship which has practically eliminated from the screen the "obscenity" that is so much under discussion today for its presence in stage plays and in books. He calls attention to the fact that many subjects which are fit for discussion through either of these mediums are totally unsuited for screen presentation.

I trust that neither the New York Sunday World nor Mr. Hays will mind my quoting the following paragraphs for those of you who may not have read the article in question.

"Fifteen million go to the movies every day. This places in the hands of motion picture producers and exhibitors a force of tremendous effect and the responsibility is as great as the scope of the medium.

"The movies have a national audience. The body of the American people dislikes any suggestion of obscenity in its pictures. An obscene movie may succeed for a comparatively short time in centres of large population, but the commercial success of the silent drama depends upon the small town and neighborhood movie houses. There, in the long run, only 'clean' movies can succeed. Thus are 'good business and good morals' linked together for the motion picture producer."

Mr. Hays goes on to tell how a system of elimination has been put in force by the producers themselves which has barred out books and stage plays of unsuitable type, though these may have enjoyed a certain popularity in their own field. And:

"No censorship could bring these results. Neither does this formula, by any possible construction or application, limit the production of vital or artistic pictures. Any method doing that would fail absolutely. Of course, this is good business as well as good morals. I am mighty certain it is good business as far as motion pictures are concerned. I know the American public is sound, and, in the last analysis, there is no doubt about such a course being profitable."

**$1250 FOR ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY STORY**

Our sales department sold an unknown author's first story for the above amount. We revise, copyright and market stories for both silent and talking pictures. Located in the heart of the motion picture indusry, we know the demand. Established 1917. Free booklet.

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# HELPING HEARTS CLUB

*Conducted by* ROSEMARY LEE

*Here's lovely Norma Shearer with a whole armful of future pals and palesses.*

Pals O' Mine:

Well, at last we've found a nice roomy apartment—not large enough to accommodate the whole family but somewhat larger than we've been occupying for the past month, eh, what?

Oh, darlings, what am I going to do with you who still forward letters without stamps and with those who still haven't sent in the proper cards? We just can't give you the efficient service we want you to have unless you comply with these details. The club will be running away from us if we don't adhere strictly to rules.

And, now that I've finished scolding you, I want you to know that the Big Chief is thinking of each and every one of you this holiday season—all my lonely girls and boys and all the happy, family-surrounded ones, too—and is wishing you all the great glow of happiness that comes from service. That the coming year may be broadening in its influences, deepening in its sympathies and widening in its friendships is the sincere desire of your

Rosemary Lee and her Menagerie.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

How's that for familiarity right off the bat? Don't take any offense, please, because I'm only wanting to join the Helping Hearts Club. I have read only two copies of M. P. S. but my mind is made up.

I am five feet six inches tall (most everyone asks me to come down off my high horse but its impossible), and have blue eyes and brown hair which (at present) is boy-cut.

Like some of the others in your family, I love to write and will answer any letters that pen pals will send me. I will also exchange pictures.

I am very fond of all out-door sports and am just "nutty" about aviation. If anyone asked me to ride in an airplane, I think I'd jump out of my skin for joy.

I was very much interested in the letters in July 23rd magazine from Aviator of Newark, St. Louis Joe and Regis of Woonsocket.

Well, here's hoping I'll receive a few letters from some pen pals and I'll do my best to try to make some pals myself. You know, "Faint Heart ne'er won fair lady," or gentleman, in this case.

How's Everywhere.

How like sixteen to want to fly away to discover new countries, even to chum around with the stars! That's the spirit of Young America—bless it!

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

We are two lonesome boys, dark hair, brown eyes, about five feet eight inches in height and are both 20. Harry likes dancing; Bud—that's I—does not. We both own canoes and belong to the same canoe club. We like swimming, skating and hiking. One of us has a car. We both like to read and write letters and would enjoy corresponding with two nice girls with like interests. We will gladly exchange photos. Won't you help us, Miss Lee?

The Lonesome Two from Providence, R. I.

I certainly will do my best, boys. I know there are two nice girl chums who will be glad to make pen pals of two nice boy chums. Then everyone will be happy, eh?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I'm eighteen and a brunette. I have blue eyes and am five feet, four inches. I would like very much to join your Helping Hearts Club and I thank you in advance for your permission to do so. I am interested in the letter of Lone Eagle and hope you will forward the letter I am sending him. Waiting for letters,

Peaches of Chicago.

Another Chicago pal! My, but our club is growing by leaps and bounds in that city.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I would like to join the Helping Hearts Club. I am five feet two inches tall, seventeen years old and have blonde hair and blue eyes, like all kinds of sport. I would like to have one of your members write to me.

Mary of Denver.

Only one, Mary? You are very modest in your requirements. Most of the pals want letters from every other pal everywhere in the world. You probably will, too, when you realize how wonderful one pal is.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

While on my vacation, I happened to notice Moving Picture Stories on sale in a small nearby town. When I returned home, I bought a copy as I was anxious to learn of your club.

I do not understand how it works but I presume there is no fee and that you forward letters from members. However, I'll write of myself in hope you'll print same, also full details of your club.

I'm an intelligent, courteous gentleman of twenty-eight, tall, mixed eyes, brown hair.

While born in Philadelphia, I've spent most of my youth in the West. In the time I've been East, I've been very lonesome and it is my heart's desire to meet girls and boys who'll be real pals.

I've tried "Clubs", "Lonely Hearts," etc., in vain for years. I hope your medium will bring me my heart's desire—some one with an understanding heart.

Philadelphian

All you need to become a member of our club is the desire to form fine clean friendships via the mail and a card—postcard size—bearing your pen name and your real name and address, sent in by you. I am sure these requirements are easy to meet, eh?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am enclosing herewith three letters; one for Two Dots Space Dot, Mary of Buffalo and Just Peggy, all of whom wrote letters in the October 1st issue of Moving Picture Stories. Please forward these letters to their respective addresses, for which I thank you very kindly.

I read your adaption from the picture, "Whispering Winds," and certainly liked it; in fact, I like all of the stories in the magazine and enjoy them immensely.

I seem to have some trouble in buying Moving Picture Stories though, as many of the news stands don't seem to have it. However, I'll find some favorite news stand that sells it, and keep buying it from there, or else I'll subscribe to it for a year. I'm sure I don't want to miss any of the issues.

Thanking you again and hoping the letters are forwarded to their respective addresses real soon, I am, Yours very truly,

William J. of Detroit

We're printing more magazines now, William, so I don't think you'll have so much trouble getting your copy. You're right to keep at it—and we thank you.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just had the pleasure of reading your column for the first time and would like to join the Helping Hearts Club.

I am eighteen years old, about six feet tall, have wavy brown hair and am well built. I am not lonely but would like to have some pen pals. XYZ of Minnesota is a very good friend of mine. I am interested in all sports.

I promise to answer all letters and the more I get the happier I shall be.

Thanks for the time and space.

Yours truly,

Tom of Minnesota

That's nice that you and XYZ are good friends. It makes the club bond all the closer.

* * *

My dear Miss Lee:

May I join your club of joy and happiness? I am a young man of nineteen years, have dark brown eyes, ruddy complexion, am five feet seven and one half inches tall, am fond of all sports, especially swimming and dancing. I promise all letters will be answered promptly. I am an electrician's helper, but I am studying to be an electrical engineer. My dad died recently. My mother is also dead and I am all alone and blue. If only you will consider my letter and help me to find Pen Pals, I will never be lonesome any more and my gray days will turn to happy days. I would very much like to hear from Lonesome Mary of Buffalo, Bill of Brooklyn, Helen of Providence and all the boys and girls of your joy club. Wishing and hoping you will put this in print soon and help to chase my blues away,

Edwin F. of Newark

It's fine that you are studying to be an electrical engineer, Edwin. It seems to me there are great opportunities in that line. And think what a wide field the picture studios and the stage offer to a clever electrical engineer! I am sincerely sorry for your recent loss, and I am hoping you will derive a large measure of comfort from our club.

* * *

Dear Pals:

Hello, Everybody! This is Station SPEEDY broadcasting for some pen pals. How about giving me a big hand, boys and girls? I am willing to correspond with anyone over the age of sixteen years and under the age of fifty years.

A description of myself? Well, here goes. I am eighteen years of age, weigh 140 pounds, have dark wavy hair, rosy cheeks, brown eyes and am considered attractive. I am very fond of sports. I drive, ride, swim, hike and just love to dance. I am also interested in aviation.

I would like to hear from the Texas Lone Ranger or anyone from Texas or the other Western states as I expect to visit the West this coming year.

Well, boys, lean down and give a little girl a great big hand.

Speedy from Penna.

P. S. Won't some wild and fierce cowboy write to me? Now by that I don't mean that you have to be a cowboy, for every one that writes will receive a letter in return—also a snapshot. Good luck! Use that old pen of yours.

How would a nice little bandit do? Perhaps Moran of the Marines can fix it up.

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just finished reading the letters of your Helpping Hearts Club and I would like to become a member, for I find it very interesting.

I am enclosing a letter for Another Lonesome Boy from Kansas.

I am seventeen, five feet, four inches tall, weigh 110 pounds, have brown hair, a fair complexion and gray eyes.

I would like to hear from girls and boys from everywhere and would like to receive an answer from Another Lonesome Boy from Kansas.

Marguerite from New Orleans.

I have always wanted to visit your city, Marguerite. To me it represents sunshine and gayety and the carnival spirit. Am I right?

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

May I enter your friendship circle and become a member of the Helping Hearts Club?

Sketching briefly a description of myself, I hope my new friends will get acquainted with me. I am of Jewish descent, age seventeen years, height five feet, five inches, weight medium, considered attractive. I am one of the many girls who find life always brimming with happiness. I am a lover of music, sports, dramatics, and especially reading.

I would like to have pen pals about my age and over, also of either sex, Jewish preferred.

Won't some of my new friends write to one who is a good correspondent and a fine friend?"

Flame.

Brimming with happiness, Flame—that's the spirit! Just keep it and, no matter what comes to you during the years, you'll never be more than seventeen at heart.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

We are three lonely boys and would like to have some pen pals.

Pete is five feet ten inches and weighs 160 pounds, blond and blue eyes. Jim is five feet eleven inches, weighs 168 and has a dark complexion, and Bob is five feet eleven and one-half inches, weighs 175 pounds, is red-headed and has blue eyes. The three of us average about twenty-four years of age.

We like all outdoor sports, especially golf and tennis.

*How would you like to find this big starry-eyed Anita Page doll under your Christmas tree?*

We would like to hear from young men and women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-seven.

Hoping not to be disappointed in our mail, we are,

The Liberty Boys.

My, my! We've had them in duplicate and now we're getting them in triplicate. Well, the more, the merrier! Any day now I'm expecting to have the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps join en masse.

* * *

C. I. of Newburgh: It is against the rules of the club to give out names and addresses. If you will write to the boys and girls you mention, I shall be happy to forward your letters to them.

---

**Texas Freckles and Lone Eagle: Will you please send in your full names and addresses? Mark your envelopes: DELAYED MAIL DEPARTMENT. And all others who have failed to send in cards please mark the envelopes the same way in order that they may go to the right desk without any further delay.**

---

## *Acquitted*

*(Continued from page 15)*

"You win," he said finally. "The number is Gramercy 9009."

But, when Marion got the connection and told McManus that Egan wanted him to bring the doctor right over, the gangster thought it was a trick.

"Have Frank tell me that himself," his voice came back over the wire.

It was just two minutes of twelve now. Egan, weakened by the loss of blood, could not rise from his chair—and the phone wire was not long enough to reach him. Marion's eyes were desperate as they traveled from the clock on the wall back to the wounded man.

"I can't get him to the phone," she told McManus. "He's hurt badly. Oh, they won't believe me," she cried, turning to Egan.

"Play my favorite record 'What'll I do?'" he told her. She hesitated. "Do as I tell you," he commanded. "Just so there wouldn't be any slip-up, I told them if they heard a few bars of my favorite song they were to bring the doctor right here." With fingers that trembled, she adjusted the record and stood by the Victrola nervously, as if in fear that the disk would stop revolving before they heard it at the other end of the wire. Egan's voice came to her weakly now. "I remember the first time I ever saw

you, you were singing that song in a cabaret. I fell for you like a ton of bricks. When you joined my gang, I thought you might see things my way—but, whether you did or you didn't, I didn't mind waiting."

His voice trailed off into an indistinct murmur and a death-like silence fell over the room, broken only by the ticking of the clock that seemed to Marion to keep time to her heart-beats.

WHEN, a short time later, the two gangsters with Bradford in tow passed through the lobby of the hotel, Nelson, headquarters' prize detective who had a way of hanging around the hotel and popping up at unexpected moments, called one of them aside.

"What's the matter, Tony? Somebody hurt?" he questioned.

"Oh, no," the gangster answered quickly. "The boss just sent for a piano tuner," indicating the bag Bradford was carrying and forgetting for the moment that there was no piano in Egan's suite.

"I see," Nelson nodded. "I thought he was a doctor. Kinda reminded me of Doctor Bradford who got out of Sing Sing today."

"Oh, yeah?" Tony returned nonchalantly. "I read about it. That was the Vacetti murder case. Well, I'm glad they finally got the guy that bumped him off."

"Yeah, poor old Dad Smith!" the other commented. "Been sorta interested in that case ever since it happened. Never did think they had the right man." And his keen eyes followed Tony thoughtfully as the gangster stepped into the elevator and was borne to the floor above.

IN EGAN'S apartment Bradford was holding Marion in his arms, murmuring over and over his relief at finding her, unconscious of the presence of the other man until a weak, "Oh, go right ahead, don't mind me," came from a dimly lighted corner of the room.

"Oh, he's the one who was going to have you bumped off," the girl answered the question in his eyes.

His glance returned to Egan and he saw that he was wounded. He reached for his kit, everything else forgotten in the thought that his professional services were needed.

"Get plenty of hot water and tear up some face towels for bandages," he directed the girl.

"You're not going to try to save him?" she questioned wonderingly.

"Why, certainly," he returned, not looking up from his work.

"But he meant to murder you," Marion persisted.

"This is no time to argue. Do as I tell you," he commanded. No other word was spoken between them until the wound was washed and bandaged. "He'll be all right now," the doctor then commented cheerfully. "Cases like this are not serious if taken care of in time."

"Yeah?" The girl's tone was sarcastic, "Well, everything is over for us."

The wounded man raised his head, then beckoned her to sit beside him.

"You're right, Marion," he said slowly, "he's a great guy. If I had been in his place, I couldn't have done what he just did in a million years, so it's okay with me." The girl gave vent to an incredulous grunt. "Now wait a minute," he told her. "I'm on the level this time. I don't mind losing you to a guy like him. I'm through with this racket and I'll prove it to you by telling you I was the one that bumped off Joe Vacetti."

"You are lying, you've always lied," she put in bitterly. "Now what are you trying to pull?"

"It's the truth, Marion," he assured her. "When I told Joe he was through if he didn't cut out the stuff, he got sore and threatened to squeal on me. I followed him to Doctor Bradford's office and heard everything that went on inside. When the doctor was knocked out, I stepped in through the window, gave Joe what was coming to him, put the gun in the Doc's hand and beat it."

"Yeah, you'll tell that to us but you wouldn't tell it to the police," Marion commented, still doubting Egan's ability to be on the level.

"Oh, yes, he would—he already has." Nelson stepped out of the adjoining room from which he had witnessed the whole proceedings. "Well, Egan, I've always had this hunch and I've been waiting for eight years to prove it."

"Yeah? Well, we've had a little fun, haven't we?" the wounded man returned, still game.

"You said it," the detective agreed genially, secretly admiring the man's grit. "Do you feel able to take a little walk with me?"

"Sure." Egan rose unsteadily from his chair. "Marion, will you do me a little favor?" He paused in the doorway. "Play that record for me." Then he put out his hand to Bradford.

"Better have that wound dressed again soon," the doctor warned as he grasped the extended hand.

"She said you were a great guy," Egan repeated. "I'll always be crazy about that song. Let's go." In the corridor he stopped to light a cigarette, his eyes fastened wistfully on the closed door, through which he could hear faintly as an echo, 'What'll I do when you are far away? "Funny—just when you think you know all there is to know, you find out you don't know a darned thing," he commented whimsically as he turned to follow the detective.

## *Romance of Rio Grande*

*(Continued from page 7)*

conquer. Sadness reigned in every heart at the ranch when news that their beloved master had passed away spread through the servants' quarters and the sincere mourning of the lowliest paid tribute to the kindliness, the sense of justice of Don Fernando Alvarez. But, even in that dark hour, there was one bright spot. He had left in his place his grandson who had already endeared himself to every heart and they gave to the saddened Pablo the devotion that had been his grandfather's.

WHEN the first days of mourning had passed, Pablo set out on a mission that he had put off from week to week to be with

his grandfather. He would go to Santa Barbara and bring back the golden-haired Doreen to rule at his side at Santa Margarita. Everybody at the ranch knew the object of their new master's trip. To be sure, they wished that he might have chosen a bride from one of their own people, but, if Don Pablo loved her, they, too, would love her for his sake.

But Doreen had no desire to give up her social life, her friends and bury herself on a Mexican ranch.

"But, Doreen," Pablo protested, "I have tried to make you understand how much Santa Margarita has grown to mean to me, how much I love it."

"That's just it, Paul," she told him. "I'm afraid you love it more than you love me."

"You should not say these things, Doreen," Pablo returned. "Ever since I knew Santa Margarita was mine, I have always pictured you as part of it. I have dreamed how those who love me now would learn to love you, too."

"That's all very pretty," she told him coldly, "but you must remember I'm not a Mexican, there is nothing in my heart that prompts me to give up everything I've ever known for a strange place and a strange people."

"And—am I so strange to you?" he asked wonderingly.

"Now you are, yes," she replied. "But you weren't when I first knew you—before you found Santa Margarita."

"I think I've always been strange—until my grandfather welcomed me," he told her. "Then I knew I was an Alvarez. Santa Margarita is my life, Doreen, mine and my sons, after me."

So Pablo set out for the ranch alone and he wondered why the anticipation of seeing it once again far outshadowed his sorrow at losing Doreen. On the very night of his return, he sent for Carlotta and asked her to be his wife.

"It was always Don Fernando's wish that you should be mistress of Santa Margarita, is that not so?" he asked her.

"Si, Pablo," she returned. "But you do not say that you love me."

"I have learned to love Santa Margarita," he told her gently. "Perhaps I shall learn to love you, too."

"Pablo mio, I will always try to make you happy," she promised.

As she was preparing to retire a little later, a face reflected in her mirror struck fear to her heart—the face of Juan. He had been hidden in a workman's shack on the ranch—for Pablo's bullet had wounded him only slightly—and, during the new owner's absence, had sent for her to visit him. For the sake of their love he had begged her to help him recover what was rightfully his, what would have been his if Pablo had not appeared upon the scene. Knowing his temper, she had put him off with vague promises and now she knew that his presence at Santa Margarita boded no good for the man whose bride she had just promised to be. In a panic of fear, she ran up to Pablo's room.

"Pablo mio," she cried hysterically, throwing her arms about his neck, "I love you and I do not want to lose you and I am afraid of Juan. I have seen him—and, oh, he will kill you. You must be careful, now, always. Promise me, Pablo, you will be careful."

"Do not worry," he assured her. "I will watch for Juan. Come now, go to your room to sleep."

As she stood by her mirror a few minutes later, Juan stepped in from the balcony and grasped her in his arms.

"You frightened me so, Juan," she protested, trying to withdraw from his embrace. "You should not come here like this."

"I could not help it," he returned. "I have to tell you how much I love you. You love me, too, Carlotta?"

"You—you should know, Juan," she told him nervously. "Does not every caballero know when his senorita she long for him? How have I become so—so—that my Juan has to ask if I—if I—"

The words died on her lips, for, as she spoke, she had tried to reach the revolver in the drawer of her dresser against which she had been leaning. Juan had seen her movement in the mirror and, just as her hand had closed upon the revolver, he had plunged his machete into her back.

Entering her room a moment later, Manuelita found her on the floor, cold in death. She started for the door to arouse the household when Juan, who had been concealed behind it, clasped his hand over her mouth, stilling the shriek of terror that had already sounded from her lips. She wrenched herself free and tried to warn Pablo of the danger that awaited him.

"Pablo, don't come in here, don't come!" she screamed.

But Pablo was already at the casement leading into Carlotta's room. With one strong arm Juan held the girl fast while, with the other, he took aim at Pablo. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, Manuelita sank her strong teeth into his wrist and his shot went wild. The next second he crumpled to the floor, for Pablo's bullet had done its work. With a hysterical cry, the girl threw herself into Pablo's arms.

"Oh, Pablo, I thought, I thought—"

He put his arm around her protectingly and felt the warm blood that was flowing from a wound in her back which Juan had inflicted with his machete just before Pablo's bullet had ended his life. And, at that instant, the girl went limp in his arms. With a cry for help, Pablo lifted her unconscious form in his arms and carried her into her room.

DAYS passed. Manuelita was struggling bravely back to health, nursed by Pablo as faithfully as she had cared for him during those two weeks of delirium. Her illness had added to her beauty, making her like some lovely, fragile flower. Pablo sat by her side one day, strumming his guitar, when she held out her hand for the instrument and, with a wistful look in her eyes, began to sing the plaintive love song that she had been crooning the day consciousness returned to him in his mother's room:

"Each night I hear chapel chimes,
Why can't they be ringing for
me?

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Loved one, I wonder at times
As they ring out—are you in doubt;
Look deep within my eyes, you'll find your answer,
I keep within my eyes my love for you."

Something in the gaze she fixed upon Pablo brought a new, happy thought to his mind.

"Your love for me, little mother?" he asked with bated breath.

"Si, Pablo, mio, it has always been here"—she placed one hand over her heart—"but you—you have been blind."

The light of a new-found joy shone in Pablo's eyes as he gathered her to his heart.

"I did not know how much you meant to me until I almost lost you, Manuelita mia," he whispered against her dusky hair.

"Pablo mio," she breathed contentedly, as she nestled closer into his arms.

## *Footlights and Fools*

*(Continued from page 11)*

The girl nodded.

"Well, that's settled," Jimmie said triumphantly.

"Yes," Pyne replied quietly, "it's settled."

Jimmie turned back to the living-room, but Betty still lingered at the door, anxious to make amends for the boy's rudeness to the man who had so truly proved his friendship—and she was not quite satisfied with Jimmie's explanation of events in the office that morning.

"I'd like to explain," she said in a low voice. "You see the police were after him, I had to hide him, maybe for days, until I could prove his innocence. We thought you'd framed him. I felt it was all my fault, so we drove to Connecticut and were married. When I got him safely back here, I went to look for you."

The man took her hand in his again.

"I hope everything will turn out the way you want it to," he said sincerely.

Betty's brown eyes studied his face and her lips quivered before

she asked the question that was uppermost in her mind:

"He's—guilty—isn't he?"

Pyne's eyes did not meet hers as he replied:

"I told you that the charges will be dropped."

"Please," she said. "I want to know the truth."

Then reluctantly the man told her. The person Jimmie had phoned to, Joe Walker, had been identified as one of the hold-up men to whom he had passed the bonds.

"You do believe me when I say I did not know he was guilty?" Betty asked pleadingly.

"Of course I do," the man told her. "I believe you about anything. I always will."

With that he was gone, fearing to trust himself to say more.

WHEN Betty joined Jimmie in the living-room, she found that all worry had slipped from his shoulders and he was again the irresponsible boy she had learned to love.

"Well, we've just got time for a swell feed before you're due at the theatre," he remarked gaily.

But there was no answering smile in the girl's eyes which had suddenly grown old, world-weary.

"Jimmie, you're guilty," she accused quietly.

"Say, that's a fine one," he laughed. "Even Pyne admitted I was innocent, didn't he? The charges are dropped, aren't they? Now, let's forget it."

But Betty still persisted:

"Jimmie, you were in on that hold-up."

"Ah, forget it," he told her. "Here it is our wedding night and so far I haven't even kissed the bride."

"So you're not only a thief, but a liar," she said sadly, ignoring his words. "And I was so proud of you, so sure that you were going to work hard and be what I wanted you to be."

This line of talk was obviously irritating to Jimmie.

"Say, if you think, I'm going to spend nine hours a day back of a desk, you're crazy," he flashed. "Why, I've got plenty of money, enough so that I won't ever have


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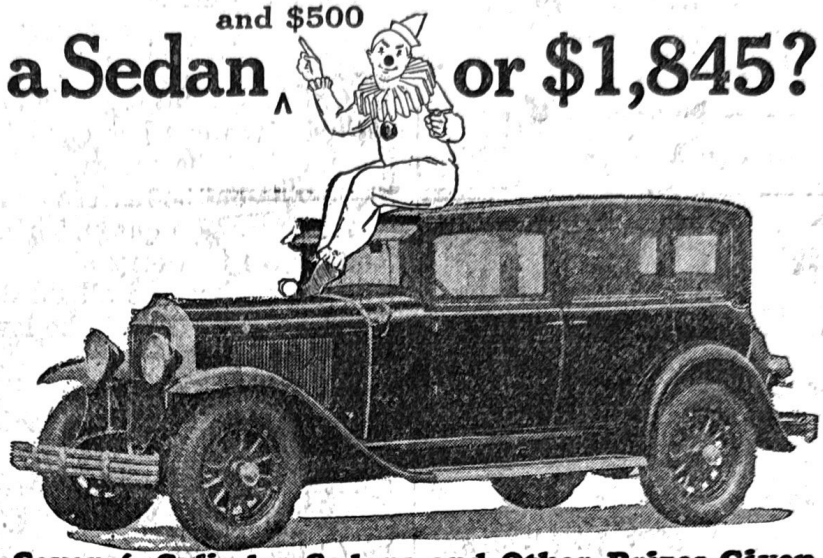

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to work again and you won't either. You can quit that theatre tomorrow."

Further questioning brought out that he had more than two hundred thousand dollars salted away.

"And you won all that playing the races?" Betty asked.

"Oh, well, what if I didn't?" he replied. "We can get out of this town, out of the country. We can buy a villa on the Riviera and live like a king and a queen. Then you won't have to worry about what I'm doing—because all I'll do all day long will be to make love to you."

"Love?" she repeated, with no trace of the merry little actress. "Love isn't real unless there is respect with it. I started to respect you when you went to work, but, now that I know you were never on the level with me, I don't love you, I despise you."

"Ah, go on, you don't mean that," the boy said lightly. "Well, I guess I'll blow over to my room and pack up my things. By the time you're home from the theatre, you'll be in a better humor and I'll be all moved in." She shook her head. "All right, I'll wait till tomorrow before I move in."

"You won't ever move in," she told him decisively.

"Oh, yes I will baby. Yes I will," he laughed as he started for the door. "So long, honey. See you tomorrow."

The girl watched him go with heartbreak in her eyes and, as the door closed behind him, she held out her arms with a stifled cry, "Goodbye, Jimmie boy." Then she rang for her maid.

"When Mr. Willet comes back," she directed. "I'm not in to him—ever. You understand? Phone Mr. Cunningham I must see him tonight after the show and order the car. It's time to go to the theatre."

And there on the settee where she and Jimmie had spent so many happy hours, planning their future together, Fifi d'Auray, of Paris, born Betty Murphy, of Watertown, Pa., sat looking down the years that must be lived without the merry-hearted, laughing-eyed boy she had created out of love—and dreams.

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## *Painted Faces*

*(Continued from page 17)*

"It's got a lot to do with it," he cried.

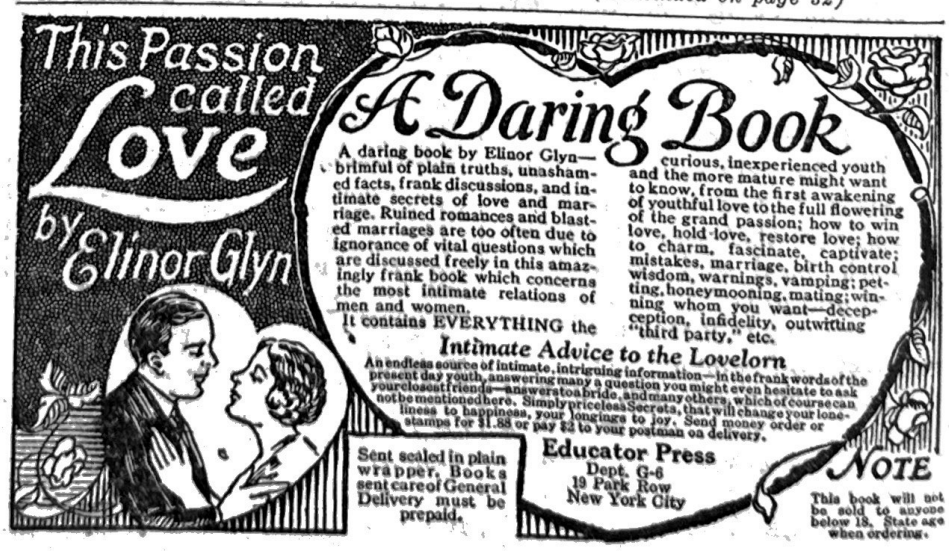
"Say, you're not going to get stubborn now after your promise!" the foreman stormed.

"It's got a lot to do with this case," Beppo repeated. "That man, Wally Martin, who betrayed my little girl is the man Roderick who was murdered in this case."

"Why didn't you tell us that in the first place?" the foreman questioned. "Now I can see why you feel sorry for that boy out there and I don't blame you. A skunk like that is better dead. But that's your trouble—it has no bearing on this case. Here's your ballot. Now we know where we're at."

"Wait a minute!" the clown's

*(Continued on page 32)*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## *Painted Faces*

*(Continued from page 17)*

voice rang out. "That boy isn't guilty. He didn't shoot Martin because—I killed him myself."

"What are you saying?" the foreman interrupted. "Have you gone off your nut?"

"I left the circus the next day," he went on. "I searched for Martin. I carried a gun for days, hoping and praying that I'd find him. Then, through a booking office, I learned he was playing in that little theatre under the name of 'The Great Roderick'. I hung around the back alley until they left the scenery door open. Then I stole up to his dressing room. A jazz band on the stage was playing so loud that it almost drowned the sound of the gun. I guess nobody knew right away where the shot came from. Luck was with me. I slipped out of the dressing-room and got away across the dark stage just as somebody, I guess it was that boy, slipped in. When I heard they had arrested him, I couldn't stay away from the trial. I knew he was innocent and I didn't think they could fasten the crime on him."

"But how did you get on the jury?" the foreman asked wonderingly.

"I was in the court room on the opening day of the trial. A man's name was called for the jury. He wasn't there. I knew I had to do something to help that boy, so I answered to that other man's name and was sworn in." He looked around at those eleven pairs of eyes fastened upon his face and his voice broke. "Now you know all about the clown, why don't you laugh?" he demanded. "You'll be out of here tonight. They can't do anything more than hang me, can they?" He turned to the foreman with a wistful smile, then took his hat and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" The foreman laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I am going out into the court room to take that kid's place," he returned calmly.

"Wait a minute," the foreman commanded, then he turned to the ten jurors. "We're here to judge whether that boy is guilty and I guess we know all about that now." Murmurs of assent rose from the men and women. "Then let's take our vote," he concluded and every hand went up for, "Not guilty." He rapped on the door for the attendant, then directed him to notify the court that the jury had agreed upon a verdict. "Well, clown?" He turned to Beppo.

"I'm ready," the latter told him calmly.

The foreman faced the jurors:

"When we came in here, we were sworn on oath not to reveal by word or deed what went on in this jury room," he reminded them. "Is that right?" Murmurs of assent arose from the ten. "And we will keep that oath," he added significantly.

AS THE jurors filed out, they took Beppo's hand in a friendly grasp, invited him to spend Christmas with themselves and the kids, to be sure to drop in any time he was in town. Funny Face was a hero to them now, but he, himself, knew he would go on year after year being a clown, performing his antics to the delight of children and grown-ups as well, and the smile on his painted face would hide the stabbing ache in his heart for his little lost love, Nancy.

## *Lives of the Great*

*(Continued from page 12)*

bobbed her hair.

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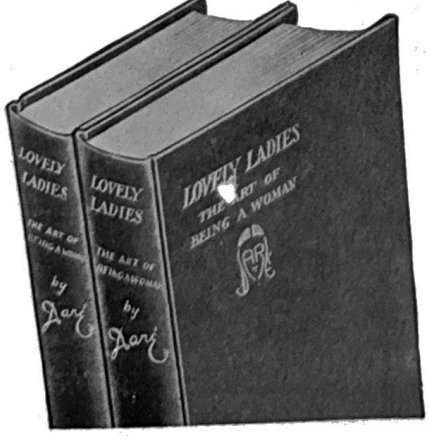


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